

Remember Last
Year



Beat Western
Maryland!

Vol. 1, No. 2

BALTIMORE, MD., NOVEMBER 5, 1927

Loyola College

CAMPUS CLIPPINGS

J. A. M.

Merely a suggestion—a get-together to which the entire Alumni and student body would be invited, not necessarily for a pep meeting, but for a social evening. It can be done.

It is not the opportune moment to give out any statement relative to football, as decisive. We can say that much that has been said against the coach is without grounds, as serious thought will soon show. The season is not yet over.

Get behind the Western Maryland-Loyola dance,—it's yours. The Sophs are merely doing the work and paying the bills. Remember, "It all depends on you."

For the remaining games of the season let's have the Alumni in the cheering section. Leave the task of pressing the cinder path in front of the stands to a steam roller, it can do a better job.

Don't forget Father Murray; he appreciates letters from the boys. Don't forget your old friends.

Mr. Glenn Walsh, S. J., is going to produce Bulwer-Lytton's *Richieu* on December 9th at Fordham University. Some fortunate few of us remember Mr. Walsh as a wonderful entertainer and host. We wish him all the success in the

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SOPHOMORES GIVE SEASON'S SECOND DANCE

Tonight, November the 5th, the Sophomore Class will hold the second annual Loyola-Western Maryland Football Dance, in the College Gym.

The Sophs are working hard to make this dance a worthy successor to the Loyola-Hopkins dance of two weeks ago. They expect the entire school to help them to achieve their purpose.

Iula's orchestra will pep the dancing feet, and "Bob" himself will hold the baton.

Such incidentals as the hour and pecuniary consideration will be as usual.

FATHER SCHMITT BACK

The students have been wondering what had become of Father Schmitt during the week of the Retreat. The report comes that he had been giving a retreat to the Senior Class at Fordham University. He is back again, cheerful and happy. From this we gather that he is quite pleased with the results of his missionary labors.

LOYOLA FINDS ARDENT SUPPORT IN PERSON OF RAILROAD OFFICIALS

Illinois Central Executives Aid Team
Make Connections After Mishap

Superintendent and Assistant Accompany Gridders to Crescent City

The Loyola (New Orleans)-Loyola (Baltimore) football game, played in New Orleans, has been history for more than two weeks. Its story is known, but not so some of the pleasing features of the journey, centering mainly in the persons of Mr. T. E. Hill and Colonel Patrick Glynn, officials of the Illinois Central R. R.

The trek to Louisiana, the longest a Loyola team has ever attempted, for the first few hundred miles went along well. The way led through country famous for its natural beauty, memory of which will long remain with those fortunate enough to have made the trip. First night out things began to happen. While the quarterbacks were calling signals in their dreams, the engine pulling the train jumped the track, somewhere between Washington and Cincinnati. Why the cars did not follow this erratic lead, no one ventures to explain. At any rate, no one was hurt. The train was, however, a matter of two hours and thirty minutes late.

When Louisville, Ky., was finally reached, it began to look as though the squad might just as well turn back to Baltimore. The Loyola car should have been coupled to the Panama Limited at that point. The Limited had pulled out hours before the squad reached the city. And no train leaving for hours!

Just when everyone was despairing, fate shuffled the cards again, and this time dealt Loyola a pair of aces. They were Mr. Hill, Superintendent of the Illinois Central System in Kentucky, and Colonel Glynn, his Assistant. They soon had their private car coupled to the one bearing the team. Both were soon headed Southward at the rate of sixty per.

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MISSION CRUSADE UNIT FOUNDED

Loyola Men Appointed Judges in
Essay Contest

A new unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is to be established here at the College. This well known organization has hitherto not listed Loyola College as an integral part, but in view of the rapid growth of the College within the last few years, it was felt that our student body would be able to carry on its full measure of the work required of a unit.

GREYHOUND WARRIORS MEET TERROR ELEVEN

Scheduled as best grid event of season
"Greasy" Neal out with injuries

Host of Followers Expected at Game to Cheer for Victory;
Every Loyola Man Pledged to Attend; Team in Good Spirits

Today the third annual gridiron encounter between the Greyhounds and their arch rivals, the Green Terrors, will be waged at the Baltimore Stadium. The time has been set at 2.30 P. M.

With fair weather the game should be one of the best staged here this season. To date the Green Terrors have been running wild over all opposition and have made an enviable record thus far in their schedule. Huge scores have marked all their games and from all accounts the Greyhounds are in for a hot race.

Father Wiesel Returns From North

The Rev. Henri J. Wiesel, S. J., vice-president of Loyola, represented the college at the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Joseph N. Dinand, S. J., D. D., as Bishop of Selinus and Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I. Bishop Dinand was consecrated in the Holy Cross College Memorial Chapel at Worcester, Mass. He was formerly president of Holy Cross.

Holy Cross also is dedicating a new library this week. Mr. Foster Stearns is the librarian.

FRESHMAN DEBATORS ELECT

The Freshman Debating Society held its first meeting in mid-October. The officers elected are as follows: Philip Smith, president; Carroll Norris, vice-president; Thomas Alminde, corresponding secretary; Francis McCormack, recording secretary, and Harry Child, treasurer. The first debate will be held on November the 8th, and the question to be discussed, because of its familiarity, is calculated to rout the fears of first public appearances.

True, the Terror game with Gettysburg proved costly. Captain Neal will be out of the game with an injured arm. Nevertheless they have a wealth of backs at Westminster and the hole left by his forced lay-off will probably be well filled.

The Greyhounds ran true to form in their last game. The air guns were held in reserve, and a rushing policy was the order of the day. Down and up the field surged the Green and Gray. True, they were stopped at times, but they always staged a comeback. It was the Loyola of old.

Plenty of local color will be added to the game, since both have hosts of followers around town, which should run up the attendance figures in no slight degree. Although Western Maryland holds the edge for the past two years, the Greyhounds are primed for an all Loyola day.

With the team intact, save for a few minor injuries, Captain Desmond is looking forward to victory with a vengeance. He and the team will be fighting every minute for every yard—what will you students do? Make November the 5th the big day of the season, and do this by your presence—in person, not spirit.

Poet Sees More Than Rah! Rah! In Wholehearted Cheering

Cheering, according to the Standard Dictionary, is the unified shouting of applause or encouragement. Bet my bottom dollar the man who juggled those words together, at heart deemed it childish and undignified to be caught cheering. For dictionary purposes, the definition is colorless enough.

Here is the coloring we want our definition to have. Let's serve it up in the style of Lamb. Cheering—doesn't the word have an onomatopoeic ring?—is a mighty chorus of acclamation, tempered with the thrills of a multitude of anxious heart beats; it is an emblem of unity of purpose, the link between activity and passivity among sportsmen; it is the paeon of the cleat-torn gridiron; the phantom Joan of Arc of Sportland's warriors; an "in hoc signo vinces"; the ennobling palm; the wine and garlands at the feast of Prowess; for youth, the release valve of pent-up enthusiasm; for age, the fountain of youth; the coinage of gratitude, minted in the heart of Loyalty; the legend of an escutcheon interpreted into the universal language of homage; a phase of the Golden Rule!

Cheering is something; after all, isn't it? Let's see if you believe it.

The Greyhound

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Vol. 1

NOVEMBER 5, 1927

No. 2

The Unsung

At this season of the year, our voices ring out in praise of our football heroes. The man who scores a touchdown and the man who makes a brilliant tackle are given three rousing cheers. Long and loud do we sing their triumphs and send them far and wide by word of mouth and by the printed page. However, let us not forget a few words of praise and a bit of encouragement for the real hero of every football game, the substitute.

It's hard enough to nurse a few bruises or to risk a sprained arm or leg, when the eyes of thousands are upon you and cheering you on to do your utmost. It's difficult enough to be in there fighting as hard as you can and—know it's not enough to keep the other team from scoring. But think of the man sitting there on the bench; the man who takes the hardest of knocks in scrimmage; the man for whom a cheer is never given. Week after week, he practices, and every Saturday finds him sitting there on the bench, waiting, waiting, waiting for a chance that sometimes never comes. His part is just as hard as that of the hero. His bruises hurt just as much, and his heart beats out just as strong a love for his college as the chap who plays in the game. He gets no credit and he gets no cheers. Nevertheless, he is just as much a part of a winning college team as the man who carries the ball. In the thrill of victory let us not forget him and the unheralded sacrifice he is making to do his part.

A Little Thing

He's an old, old soldier who speaks of "back in '70" with all the pride with which his son speaks of 1917. Armistice Day is coming, he knows. How do you suppose he will meet it?

Here he is on Sunday mornings: garb simple, trousers years out of crease, vest minus a button, but prominent upon it hangs from a safety pin an Iron Cross. Armistice Day will call for the Sunday garb complete—Iron Cross, too, he's so proud of it still. We might be tempted to rebuke him, were it not for the genuine simplicity of his pride; but that humble safety pin, so intimately connected with glamour, speaks eloquently for the veteran's sincerity, as only little things can.

Contrasts

The leaves of Autumn falling, falling, and clutching in a dying grasp all the sunset glory they drank in during their last week of life,—“yellow and black, and pale and hectic red; pestilence stricken multitudes.” Shades of Shelley!

Another scene of Autumn: not bare trees, but trees with gracefully arched branches, heavy-laden with fruit. And as if in thanksgiving for the richness and fulness of the harvest, frail clouds of pale blue smoke weave with the veft of mists a delicate gossamer that softens still more the pastel tints of the year's newest garb. Clouds of smoke, like the incense from a thousand altars,—airy stairs whereon mount to heaven the world's gratitude for the plentitude and generosity of God's own stewardess, Nature, and her handmaid, Autumn. Shades of Thompson! Had he treated the subject, and seen these clouds rising from some gardener's piles of fallen leaves, thus must he have visioned the harbinger of winter.

Shelley and Thompson! Each one garnished his verse with the dust of the stars. But the former merely knocked at the gateway of the stars, the other silently crept in beyond it and sped on and on. The one who knocked, hearing no answer, deemed the castle beyond coldly empty, and gathered his stardust outside, and as he went off muttered, “No God there.” The other, Thompson, opened the gate with the golden key, “Credo,” and oh! the difference in the star dust that he found within the gateway there!

B. ZAR, '28.

NOW and THEN

“You better keep your hat on so I'll know you.” That admonition, heard not only phonographically but also in conversation, inspired this cynic pen.

To think that this phrase and its kin in the sequence of nonsense should dictate the vogue in finishing touches to conversation! What a descent from the days when careers were made or marred in the utterance of an epigram,—the afterthoughts of salon days! What a descent from the days when passages from famous authors were the accepted thing for one's conversational eclat

Another art gone awry!

“THEE”

With apologies to Joyce Kilmer
I think that I shall never see,
A fellow quite so dumb as thee.

I say to thee, “Young man, go west,
And far from here take up thy
rest.”

Or in the Alps, perchance thou may
Find some place in that array.

Or if thou wert, perchance, in Spain
Folks wouldn't know of thy lame
brain.

Now I was born both gay and free
And I thank God I'm not like thee.
MEDLAND OF CAMPION.

Go South, Young Man

It is certainly hard to believe that Horace Greeley knew his traveling “Bermudas.” We are tempted to think that Horace must have been a bigoted trans-continental mailman. For a certainty, Horace never saw New Orleans; had he done so, his son would have heard a vastly different story. Why, today when we moderns are called upon for traveling suggestions—especially does this apply to Loyola's footballers—we invariably say: “Go South, young man.” We are doubly agreed that it is a breach of geographical etiquette to suggest, “Go West, young man.”

So much for Horace, poor chap deluded. Now for our own, “South, James.” On October the 13th, Stan Coffall expressed this more proper suggestion. Whereupon twenty-nine pigskin artists assembled at Mt. Royal Station. How our iron horse pranced off the tracks before landing us in the fair South you may read elsewhere in these slender pages; let us, for our part, speed at once into the metropolis of the South.

So this is New Orleans! This beauteous city of parkways, stately palmettos, and palatial residences! But no,—you did not see these sights. These bare words do not excite in you a picture of the Crescent City. Allow me, now, in my clumsy way to describe the land and the charm of its people.

First, conjure up a vision of a Yellow Cab—how easy! Now, seated in this cab, allow yourself to be driven along a level stretch of parkway, sentinelled on either side with massive palm trees beyond which loom veritable castles. These, the driver tells you, are the homes of the multi-millionaire Carroll brothers. And you reach the beautiful Bienville Hotel, where you are to be housed for the next two days. The Yellow Cab and its driver fade out of the picture.

Comes contrast. The “Ladies of Loyola,” or better the “Fair Co-eds,” arrive at your hotel in limousines, and your doom is sealed; you are doomed to be killed with kindness. They take you to the park first of all (it is still daytime). Next you go slumming, and hie off to the French quarters, once the homes of prince and aristocrat, now reduced to the lowly state of tenement houses. And now, Canal Street, the busiest thoroughfare of the Southland. And alas! the Mississippi—king, queen, and jack of waters, muddy red, rolling on in sluggish sighing. And alas! again, back to the railroad station. There amid a sadness that still lingers on, we bid adieu to our fair Co-eds, we wave au revoir to New Orleans, and after two nights of gloomy snoring we awake—home again!

But we are thinking even now of “you all” down in New Orleans.

It is part of the Greyhound's policy to be champion of the little things in College life,—the things folk let pass by unnoticed. Our first efforts have borne fruit, as witness last Monday's response to our word on traditions.

We are glad to note that “Ave Maria Day” will be an inspiring reality of all the years to come.

Freshies Wear Caps If Sophs Are Near

Scotsmen have their tam o' shanters, Alsatian belles their unmistakable ribbons, and Loyola Sophs their own ideas on delinquent Freshies cranium coverings.

We record this merely as a written reminder to the Torquemadas of next year's Vigilance Committee. Bows of green crepe paper have been found capable of maintaining a position on Freshman stubble-pates.

Sandwich billboards, horn tooters, mannequins for antiquated styles! What next?

We forgot in our first issue to end our invitation to writers with the familiar “R. S. V. P.” The shyness of our unsung Conrads and Hartes we attribute to that oversight. Hence, in repeating our invitation to the local talent in the line of writing, we append the good French—R. S. V. P.

EXCHANGES RECEIVED

The exchange editor takes pleasure in acknowledging the following exchanges:

Loyola News, Loyola University, Chicago; The Loyolan, Loyola College, Los Angeles; The Fordham Ram, Fordham University, New York City; The Heights, Boston College, Chestnut Hill; Varsity Breeze, St. Louis University, St. Louis; The Hoya, Georgetown University, Washington; The Ignatian, St. Ignatius College, San Francisco; The University Hatchet, George Washington University, Washington.

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS

Raindrops! crystals of the air, so frail

A touch could shatter!
Would a God betimes His splendor veil

And play at making dewy pebbles,
Wherein wee lisping sprites sing
with each patter:
“Sancta Simplicitas”?

Flower petals! bowls with dew-drops lade!

'Gainst sunbeams' coming,
Could the Judge whose wrath in lightning played

O'er Sinai, mould and weave so fragile,
So dainty playtoys for the wind a-humming:

“Sancta Simplicitas”?

Childhood, pray! return to me once more,

Ah! hear my pleading:
There did dwell simplicity of yore—
Rebuff to pride, and Virtue's mother!

'Twere sweet to bless each da' deed with heeding:
“Sancta Simplicitas”?



Loyola Yields To Villanova Attack

Villanova, with half a hundred dashing moleskin artists, came to Baltimore and helped the Green and Gray open its football schedule at the Stadium. The day proved ideal—for baseball, not football—for the excessive heat slowed up both teams considerably. Nearly three thousand witnessed the conflict—a number somewhat gratifying but nevertheless quite disappointing when one considers the calibre of the team that we met.

Our Northern foes came to town with the reputation of being one of the best small College teams in the East; secondly, they were flaunting All-American material before us. Such was the situation, and Loyola tried hard to disprove the theories. The score in itself—Villanova 20, Loyola 0—tells the story of the game. It was a hard contest, and holding the heavier and faster Mainliners to one touchdown in each of the first three periods speaks volumes for Loyola's sterling defense.

The enemy tried hard to break our center wall but that proved impregnable. Captain Desmond, at center, stood out a mountain on the defense and a wildcat on the offense. His playing thrilled the entire afternoon, a fact the more remarkable when one considers that his shoulder was thrown out of place in the first scrimmage. After make-shift first-aid he jumped back into the game. Such is the Spirit of Loyola!

Our Evergreen team was a trifle weak on the ends and also a bit faulty in covering long passes. With these rough edges touched up the Green and Gray should prove a formidable foe indeed, and confirm this belief by a series of victories.

Captain Kuczo at quarterback and McAndrews, sterling halfback, played sensationally for the visitors.

Several years ago we met a bootlegging policeman.

Today he's a copper still.

C. U. Aerial Barrage Downs Greyhounds

C. U.'s Aerial Barrage Beats Loyola

Homewood, shrouded with sullen skies, was the scene of our second straight defeat of the season. The Senators, fresh from their victories over William and Mary and Mount Saint Mary's, came to town and wrought dire vengeance for Loyola's 7-0 victory salted away in Washington last year.

The game was most interesting, despite the muddy condition of the field. The District team was the first to score. They resorted frequently to aeroplaning and were making considerable gains. However, the Green and Gray stopped their rallies when in scoring territory. Loyola came back and tied the score at 6 all, when C. U. on a close formation punted to Enright, who in greyhound leaps tore through the entire Catholic U line on an 80-yard dash to chalk up a touchdown. It was a marvelous piece of running and stood out as the high light of the game.

Near the close of the first period the Evergreenites gained a six-point advantage when Frank Dudley, on a double reverse play, raced around right end for another touchdown. The half ended with Loyola holding the advantage, 12-6.

With the beginning of the second half, the Senators, after futile attempts through the line, bombarded us with forward passes. Foley, visiting quarterback, proved a real triple threat man of the day. His passes were especially accurate and paved the way for the other touchdowns. During this half Loyola's defense on forward passes seemed to crumble. The District team kept shooting for 20, 30, and 40 yard gains through the air. Long, clever right end of the visitors, was an apt and deadly receiver, and it was through his efforts that the Senators passed their way down the field. Malevich, visiting fullback, went over for a counter in the third period, knotting the count at 12 all.

The final scoring of the game came when Loyola fumbled in mid-field in the last quarter. Murphy sent a pass to Foley who raced the remaining 40 yards with the Evergreen team at his heels.

Loyola Trims Loyola 19-0 Victory Posted

The Green and Gray's extended march to the southern metropolis, New Orleans, for our first intersectional combat, sent us into the open arms,—yes, open arms of the Loyola University forwards, who snatched in our passes and posted a 19-0 defeat on us.

Our Southern rivals took ready advantage of the breaks, and consequently, early in the first period, on Child's poor punt, the Wolves worked the ball over the remaining 28 yards and Budge went over for the first touchdown. They toed the extra point.

Loyola then took to the air, and made enviable progress. Five passes netted two first downs and carried the Greyhounds into the Southerners' territory. Then a 15-yard penalty for holding stopped the Green and Gray's advance. Thereby was lost an opportunity to score.

The Green and Gray held the Wolves' attack during the second, third, and most of the fourth period. With but three minutes to go, Loyola's defense again wilted, and two intercepted passes resulted in two touchdowns for the Southerners.

Desmond, Healy, and Watkins were the line stars, while Enright and Mackall showed well on the defense. For New Orleans, Ritchey, Drouilhet, and Kelly stood out on the forward wall; Budge and Lopez flashed in the backfield.

Father Ayd Named Dean

Continued from Page 1

from Canisius College as Professor of English in the Sophomore and Freshman years. Fr. Duffy has spent some years in the Philippine Islands as a missionary. Fr. Thomas J. Love, S. J., known to the old Loyola on Calvert Street, comes to us from Fordham University as Professor of Physics. He will also represent the Faculty on the athletic board.

Fr. William O'Shaughnessy, who was vice-dean during the second semester of last year, has been transferred to the philosophy department. He will guide the Juniors into the mazes of Barbara, Celarent, etc., this year.

Mr. John Egerton and Mr. Joseph Garland complete the additions to the new Faculty.

And now we must record our losses. Fr. Wm. R. Crawford goes to Boston College to become head of the Department of Physics. Fr. Thomas J. Murray, the Professor of Rhetoric for the past two years, and Fr. Francis Lucey, for three years Professor of Junior Philosophy, have been assigned to St. Andrew-on-Hudson. Fr. David Roche, the Treasurer of the College for the past two years, becomes Pastor of the Annunciation Church, Bowie, Md. Fr. Francis X. Dougherty assumes the duties of Student Counsellor at Fordham University.

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BEAT
HOPKINS!

FAST SET OF RULES KEEP FRESHIES SLEEPING

The green and gray caps are popular, be it per force or per choice. Few penalties are incurred through neglect of haberdashery; rather does the bulk of it come from violation of such little matters as "Freshmen will not smoke in the lunch room"; "Freshmen will not walk in the garden."

What those penalties can do! During an October noon recess, passersby on Charles Street Avenue saw what appeared to be a bunch of lumbermen shouldering big logs along the road. They were, as a matter of fact, merely a few Freshmen who need a bit of encouragement in the way of observing rules.

Sometimes too the Freshies can become sandwich men. Such ability proved a good advertising scheme for our first football game. Two ambitious Freshmen obligingly town-cried the Villanova game along the business streets of the city. A little zest was added to their skit by having one of the walking billboards herald his approach with the tooting of a tiny tin horn.

The Sophomore-Freshman football game will decide whether the rules are to be suspended in the near future or whether they are to continue in force until Christmas.

CLASS ELECTIONS

(Continued from Page 1)

Slingluff, Jr., is vice-president; Tom Grogan, treasurer, and Harry J. Mackell, secretary. There's a combination that should send the Juniors through their big year with a bang.

Sophomore

Sophomore requires a more elaborate staff of directors for class activities than any other class, for a very obvious reason. John Hild is the choice for president. John Wills, remembered for his excellent administration of the presidency last year, was elected vice-president. Aquin Feeney holds the office of treasurer, and Edward Doehler continues to tick off the minutes as class secretary.

The Vigilance Committee functions under the surveillance of John Hild, Dan Holland, Pierre Kleff and Gene Fallon.

Freshman

Truly representative men were voted to the various offices in the humblest class of the school. Francis Childres was elected president; Harry Child, vice-president; Philip Smith, treasurer, and John de V. Patrick, secretary.

The Freshmen put a great deal of confidence in the men whom they have elected, and look forward to a successful year under their leadership.

STUDENTS' RETREAT

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ing Father Morgan as he is in great demand as a retreat master. Judging from the sermon he delivered Mass of the Holy Ghost, we are here at the Chapel last month at the assured of a retreat rich in Grace and eloquence.

Even his best friends wouldn't tell him, so he flunked the Physics Exam.—*Yellow Crab*.

Professor: Give two historically important dates.

Stude: Antony and Cleopatra; Napoleon and Josephine.—*Princeton Tiger*.

PARROT PRATTLE

The sage of Doorn, holidaying from regal cares at the people's request, sits back and philosophizes despite himself. Quoth he: "I have no philosophy of life. From the ideal state I would exclude philosophers who strangle the human soul with their inhuman syllogisms."

Six Former Students Study For Priesthood

The call to the priesthood has been generously answered from Evergreen. Four of the six students who recently left to take up God's work, were sheltered under Loyola's wing ever since their first year at High School.

Of the graduating class of 1927, Bernard Lochboehler has entered the Jesuit novitiate at Milford, Ohio; John R. Spellissy, President of the 1927 Seniors and during his entire college career a most unselfish and energetic worker, and Frank Fairbank are studying at St. Mary's Seminary of this city.

Lawrence R. McHugh and Joseph Noppinger, both of '28, left after their Junior year, the former to study at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, the latter to join the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, in Connecticut. George Bowling, '29, has entered St. Mary's Seminary.

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(If it's a knock, knock gently!)

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Discovered! And right here in Baltimore too. One of the most virulent cases of megalomania brought before the eyes of the public in the last half century is running rabid in a thriving Baltimore corporation.

As is the case in most important discoveries, this baffling condition of the human mind was stumbled upon by accident.

One of THE GREYHOUND'S advertising salesmen, in a very businesslike manner, strolled into the office of a nationally known manufacturing company, located just south of the city's principal dividing line, and asked to be conducted to the office of the advertising manager.

An inoffensive, indiscreet, and afterward, much wiser office boy consented to conduct the ad seeker into the august and omnipotent presence of this "man of men." It was later learned that the "being supreme" bore a distinctly Celtic surname. From now on, the eye-witness can better tell the story of the man afflicted with this dire and dread megalomania.

"As I stood on the threshold waiting to be ushered into an audience with this, as he would have himself known, important, world-moving executive, his presence permeated, radiated through the atmosphere.

"Never, not once during my sojourn in his enthroned presence did this almighty raise his eyes from the mass of literature that rose in an impressive pyramid on his desk—most important documents, the misinterpretation of which might lead to international complications—if you believe me, they might have had to do with certain creatures that run in circles and pass the judges stand first to win.

"In my nicest tone of voice, augmented by an air of business finesse

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BALTIMORE

WHOLESALE—RETAIL

LUMBER—SHINGLES—LATH—FLOORING

Prompt Delivery

I broached the subject, would he care to discuss advertising in a school publication?

"With a shock that rippled from the tip of my toes to crown of my head, I was informed that I was addressing the most important individual that ever set two feet on this universe. He was an advertising man. Possibly that was meant to convey an idea that I was too dense to grasp. I made another attempt to strike bottom.

"Probably at some other time when the gentleman was not so busy he would consent to give me a few moments of his time to outline the proposition I had to offer? Again—this time with a roar that would have put the king of the jungle to shame—I was explicitly informed that I was conversing with AN ADVERTISING MAN, NOT A MIND READER.

"Imagine my surprise. And obviously, with no other intention but, I had asked to see the advertising manager for no other purpose than to have my mind read."

Go into the office of the most important man in Baltimore, or any other city for that matter, into the office of a man who holds the destiny of men, the fate of a nation perhaps, in the palm of his hand. How will you be received? As a gentleman. If he's too busy to see you at the moment, you'll be told to call again—told as a gentleman would tell you.

Imagine the tiniest possible particle of matter conceivable, then imagine another infinite in magnitude, and you have a perfect concept of what this particular ADVERTISING MAN is, and a faultless idea of what he thinks he is, or would like to be.

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